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trees, and the sort of parapet railing, were made of the lianes or parasitical plants from the surrounding trees. They hang from the highest branches like ropes of various sizes, some little larger than whipcord, others of the circumference of a large cable; indeed, they are often thicker than a man's body, and frequently form spiral and intricate knots, like the writhings of gigantic serpents, à la Laocoon. The profuse variety of growth and rapid vegetation in this part of Brazil is scarcely credible to Europeans. A very few weeks, or rather days, after this path had been opened, and the bridge constructed to enable the party to visit these Falls, strangers might have passed close to them, only made aware of their proximity by the loud roar of the falling waters, the hoarse sound of which, deadened and rendered deceptive by the close growth of the forest, would be but an indifferent guide, and hardly enable them to find any approach by which to obtain a view of the Falls. The negroes and country people have alarming stories or traditions respecting vast crocodiles, differing from the common sort in their nature and habits, and unlike the alligators of the rivers emptying themselves directly into the bay of Rio de Janeiro, at the foot of these mountains. They are said to be infinitely larger and more voracious than their relations near the salt water. These monsters, they affirm, inhabit the deep pools formed occasionally in the course of the mountain rivers. Poisonous snakes are asserted to be often found in these waters. The present existence of these crocodiles seems very apocryphal; nor are serpents so often met with, even by naturalists anxious to enrich their collections, as is generally supposed. The name of these Falls, "Itamariti," or "Itamarity," signifies in the Indian language (probably that of the Guarani tribe) "the shining stones," or "the rock that shines," doubtless so called from the glittering appearance of the large mass of rock, the face of which is worn smooth by the water. "Ita" means stone or rock.

The old road over the Serra de Estrella, constructed when Brazil was a colony of Portugal, was, although much too steep according to modern ideas of engineering, infinitely better than the track dignified with the name of road, formerly leading to the Serra dos Orgaos. Being paved, it was at least safe and practicable. But the road recently opened to these heights is on vastly improved principles, and on a scale thought even unnecessarily large. The foundation and progress, however, of the new city of Petropolis, situated at the height of about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, on this route, has doubtless called for the construction of a road wider and more convenient than those hitherto made in this part of the country. The emperor has built a summer residence here, near the highest part of the road, and the court and many of the wealthier citizens of Rio Janeiro have followed the example, encouraged by his Imperial Majesty's liberal allotment of land for dwelling-houses, hotels, etc. The idea of founding this mountain city as a retreat during the great heats originated with the late emperor, Don Pedro I., who made grants of land, absolutely or conditionally, to different noblemen of his court. He was not enabled, however, to carry into effect either his plan for a city or the construction of a new road to and through the mountains. To the reigning emperor belongs the credit of practically calling into existence this thriving and healthy settlement, of which the success is now beyond a doubt. Petropolis may now be regarded as like the Royal Sitios in Spain—Aranjuez, La Granja, etc., to which the court regularly removes at certain seasons. The temperature and climate are delightful, and the annual removal to this and to other Serras is sufficient to restore to health those who have suffered from the enervating heats of the summer in the low lands around the capital. European invalids especially derive great benefit during convalescence from a few weeks' stay in these picturesque mountains. Many foreigners, particularly Germans, have settled at or near this city. To the naturalist, and more particularly to the entomologist and botanist, a sojourn in these Serras affords endless interest and employment. A railroad is now opened from Rio Janeiro to the foot of the hills, which promises great advantages to the new settlement.

### A TALE OF THE PRETENDER.

Most of our readers, we take it, have read Thackeray's "Esmond," and will remember that a certain personage who seems to have created an enthusiastic loyalty, of which he was little worthy—for he was a coward and a sensualist after all—landed in England, was for some time in the metropolis, and might possibly, if fate had not otherwise decreed, once more been restored to the throne of his fathers. The novelist had a foundation for his story in fact. David Hume, in a letter to Lord Hardwick, gives an account of the Pretender's visit to London in 1753, and Mr. Burke has worked up the story in his interesting work called "Family Romance."

Charles Edward, after he had landed in Scotland and attempted in vain to gain the crown, justly forfeited by his fathers, again found an asylum in a foreign land. Time rolled on, and it seemed that all chance of success was further removed than ever; his old adherents had grown cold, and instead of hope and encouragement, he was weighed down by gloom and despair. In this state of abandonment he resolved to fight his own battles, and devised a scheme, which was by no means so impracticable as at first sight it appeared to be. This scheme was, to seize the person of king George II., as he returned from the play, by the help of a body of chairmen, who were to knock off his servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and get up a mock quarrel among themselves, during which, another party was to hurry him to the water-side and carry him off to France. The enterprise was carefully planned. In addition to those employed in the attack upon the coach, there was a second party of more than fifteen hundred, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's-inn Fields the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender—their object, of course, being to direct attention from the real purpose of the conspiracy by raising a disturbance in another quarter, or to support it in case of need. The principal agent in the business was Mr. Seagrave, an Irish officer; and so well had the matter been conducted, that the government had not the least suspicion of its existence. The day for carrying it into effect was fixed—it was close at hand; but a slight mischance acted like the single spark applied to gunpowder and blew up the whole scheme. The prince, with a temerity that argues strongly in favour of his want of common sense, must needs amuse himself by walking at noon-day in Hyde-park, when the place was thronged with its usual visitors. Here he was met and recognised by one of his ancient partisans, who, in the fulness of his heart at the sudden and unexpected meeting, attempted to kneel and kiss the royal hand. To escape the attention excited by so ill-timed an act, the prince hastily left the park; but on his return to Essex-street, Strand, where his lodgings were, the lady at whose house he had been staying—a friend of Lady Mary Touchett's, with whom the prince had fallen passionately in love at a ball in Paris—became so alarmed, that she declared he was not safe with her for a single instant. That very night, in consequence, a boat was procured, and he returned at once to France, *minus* king George and his crown, too happy to escape from the imminent danger he had so foolishly provoked. Hume says, he mentioned this fact to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary-of-State in 1753, and observed, "I suppose this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship?" "By no means," said he; "and who do you think it was who first told it me? It was the king himself, who added: 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?'" Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by saying, "My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again." Lord Holderness added: "I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known." George could not have known the Pretender's scheme, or he would possibly have treated him differently.